

WORLD BIRTH RATE IS SLASHED BY WAR

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—A slight decrease is shown in the New York city birth rate as a result of the war. In December, 1918, the birth rate was 24.57 per thousand people, while the department of health's figures for last October show a birth rate of only 23.86 per thousand. This is a shrinkage of about 1.5 per cent. In July, 1914, the rate was 25.37.

But as compared with the reduction of births in the countries which have waged war for four years, New York's falling off is insignificant.

Here are the statistics of the birth rate in large European cities, compiled by Dr. William H. Guilley, director of records of the health department:

Milan Hardest Hit.

Milan, in Italy, has suffered the largest reduction in births of all the allied and neutral nations in the world. Figures for Germany and Austria are of course impossible to obtain.

In 1913 Milan had a birth rate of 24.72 to the thousand. Today her birth rate is 12.02, a decrease of 45 per cent.

Amsterdam, in 1913, 23.22; in 1917, 22.34; 4 per cent decrease.

Barcelona, in 1913, 23.45; in 1917, 23.34, a 1 per cent loss.

Birmingham, in 1913, 27.70; in 1917, 19.48, a decrease of 29 per cent.

Bradford, in 1913, 20; in 1917, 13.06, a 35 per cent decrease.

Birmingham, in 1913, 20; in 1917, 14.75, a 27 per cent decrease.

Florence, in 1913, 19.35; in 1917, 11.45, a decrease of 41 per cent.

Glasgow, in 1913, 27.78; in 1917, 21.72, a decrease of 22 per cent.

London, in 1913, 15.84; in 1917, 9.48, a decrease of 40 per cent.

Manchester, in 1913, 20.04; in 1917, 14.04, a decrease of 30 per cent.

Paris, in 1913, 18.82; in 1917, 11.83, a decrease of 37 per cent.

Stockholm, in 1913, 17.72; in 1917, 16.55, a decrease of 7 per cent.

Zurich, in 1913, 19.73; in 1917, 13.16, a decrease of 33 per cent.

GERMANY'S WHIPPED BY YANK PRISONERS

BERNE, Dec. 29 (By mail).—An American army whipped the Germans tight in their own backyard, long before the armistice was signed.

This army wasn't big, as armies go, and it didn't have a rifle, or a cannon or any of the other usual implements. But it had morale to burn; and morale won.

These doughboys were war prisoners. There were eventually about 2,500 of them.

The story of how these men won their battle at the Rastatt prison camp became known only when the American prisoners came out of Germany. Edna M. Haliburton, of Young America in Germany, was responsible for the story.

It was his bad luck to be one of the first Americans captured by the Germans, back in October, 1917. He belonged to the First Division. He is a tall, lean chap, twenty-five pounds underweight now because of German food.

Haliburton and his fellow prisoners were taken to a prison camp. He was joined by half a dozen other Americans. They were in the first few days of American fighting. He and his companions were huddled in a wagon.

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Boobs Abroad in 1919



KERENSKY IS LIVING QUIETLY IN LONDON

LONDON, Jan. 26.—Alexander Kerensky, former dictator of Russia, is living quietly in the home of a friend on Cambridge Stairs Terrace, by Regent Park, in London.

In his little study, which he occupies every day he works alone through the winding, gravelled paths of Regent Park just across the road.

He likes music, plays the piano fairly well, and sings. He knows by heart an enormous volume of Russian vocal music. Often he sits at the piano in the little parlor on the second floor, and sings through one Russian master after another.

Family in Russia. Sometimes he stops singing to think of his wife and two little boys, hostages in Moscow, imprisoned by the Bolsheviks soon after the great debacle, and later released from prison when Mrs. Kerensky signed a pledge they would not leave Russia.

It is an exquisite little room, this second-floor parlor, finished in gray, with a monster white polar bear rug on middle of the floor, several big gray-upholstered cushiony armchairs and a wonderful couch into which you sink as into a feather bed when you sit down.

One wall is a bank of French windows, through which creep the gray lights of a London day. A fire in a fireplace at one end gives a homey touch to the scene.

Kerensky was a lawyer in Russia.

London Looks the Same at a Glance. But Not at Two Glances.



Has to Get Surgeon to Close Wife's Mouth; Now He Would Learn "Trick"

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 26.—Mrs. Ella Speer was about to leave a party at Newhall, near here, when she yawned. Then she yawned again, wider than before, and something snapped. Her husband appeared, but Mrs. Speer, with mouth wide open, was unable to tell him what had happened.

In desperation Speer put his wife in his automobile and hurried to the receiving hospital here and Assistant Police Surgeon Zorb gave one tug at the woman's lower jaw. There was an other snap and she heaved a sigh.

Speer asked the doctor to tell him just how he "did the trick," as he and Mrs. Speer were going far into the Arizona desert, and Mrs. Speer might "yawn violently out there."

Remarkable Personality. He is a man of remarkable personality. He has a smile that wins you at first meeting, a real friendly-like smile that convinces you right away he is interested in you. He is direct and unaffected. He talks immediately to the point, like an American business man, without flourish.

He has a wonderful reserve power. His face is sensitive and extremely expressive. He can look the most delightfully amused moment and the next the most tremendously sober. Like most leaders of men, he focuses his mind completely upon each separate incident, and never allows his perception of the present instant to be clouded by hang-over impressions from the past.

Forced to Haul Wood. Shortly after Haliburton was taken to a prison camp he was joined by half a dozen other Americans. They were in the first few days of American fighting. He and his companions were huddled in a wagon.

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By Goldberg



ACRES OF FRANCE TRANSPORTED HERE

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 26.—It is not necessary to go to France to put your foot on French soil.

There are fifty acres of new-made land almost in the heart of Norfolk composed entirely of soil brought from France within the last year. It was brought over by naval transports.

When American transports sailed for France they carried troops and supplies. When they returned back to America there were no cargoes for them in French ports, so it was necessary for some of them to carry something for ballast. There being nothing else handy, tons upon tons of French soil was loaded into the holds of returning ships just to balance them in case they encountered rough weather on the voyage.

When the ships reached America the soil was unloaded and used to reclaim marshy lands. More than fifty acres of lowland was filled with this French soil at the St. Helena naval base. The land was never used before for the French soil arrived. Now it is being made into attractive grounds, which may also include flower gardens.

There are some interesting stories told about the French soil and what was found in the dirt when it was being unloaded from American ships. There is no official record that the stories are true, but naval men say that growing rose bushes, torn roots from French roses, and other things that

go to make a romance were found in the dirt.

One of the alleged notes, or that part of it that was found in the French soil, reads:

"Charles, if you don't come for me I shall come to you land, and then we shall be together."

The sailors have named the newly made soil "Frenchland." While this name will not be recognized by the Government, because the reclaimed land is on a reservation, the name will probably become popular with the enlisted men.

LIFE'S STRESS ON SWISS BORDER



Monkey Swapped for Watch Puts One Over On Fire Department

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—Down on the waterfront the other day Oscar Lipman, a jewel broker, traded a watch to a sailor for a cunning little monkey. Lipman took the pet home to his apartment on Powell street. Then the trouble began.

The monkey escaped. The agile creature appeared, leaping, in the room of a guest at the Fairmont hotel. The man was trying to shove after a strenuous night before.

He called for help brought out the fire department. As the firemen clambered up their ladders the monkey, as rapidly climbed down from the window sill and was next discovered swinging like an artist's studio near the hotel, where it joined a group of surprised Bohemians around a hearth fire.

When the fire department arrived the monkey had regained his pet through an advertisement.

Boundary Lines Nonsense. Boundary lines and frontiers seem to be Bellegarde's Nemesis. With itself, the little town has a frontier. You go down to one end of crooked, steep Main street, or whatever it is called, and buy yourself a cake of chocolate where they have lots of stores. Then try to bring the cake of chocolate back to your hotel.

The sentry in the box in the middle of the block by the bridge over the raging Rhone rapids stops you. You can't import chocolate in, the other province without permission. Your end of the block is in one province and the chocolate end is in another. That explains why there is no chocolate in your end. You can stand there and eat the chocolate in front of the sentry, and then pass to your hotel—but you can't carry it in your hand.

That's Bellegarde and the French boundary.

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